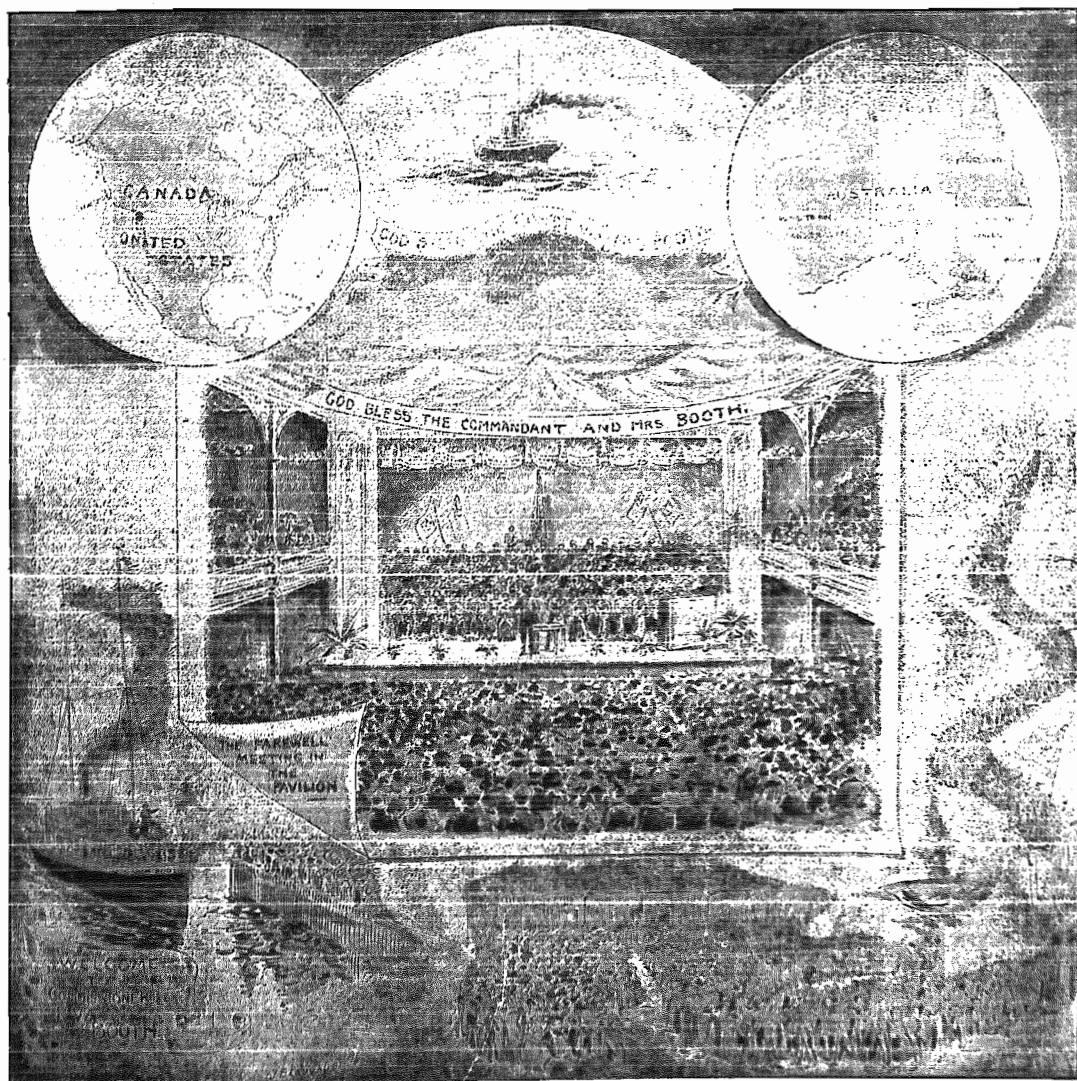


# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XII. No. 38 [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JUNE 20. 1896. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] Price 2 Cents.

## \* COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH'S \*



### FAREWELL DEMONSTRATION

# INDIA.

## THE GENERAL'S INTERESTING ARTICLE CONCLUDED.

We now come to the North-West Provinces, containing a population of seventy millions of people. Here we found Colonel Edw. D. already entrenched in extensive premises at Fyzabad, with 107 officers and cadets in training, or in actual operation in different parts of the Territory. The work is new, but officers have been prepared, and plans are almost ready for a general attack. Three hundred and fifty miles bring us to the country of the warlike Sikhs, renowned throughout the world for their bravery. Into this province, at the beginning of last year, Staff-Captains, now Major, Gnanapoo, with a handful of comrades, made an entrance, and met with a remarkable reception. A large number of cadets have been gathered, and a considerable number of converts made; a number of soldiers awaiting enrolment. There is certainly the promise of a mighty work.

### OUR OPPORTUNITIES.

But what about the future? Yes; that is my anxiety. The opportunities are so vast, and the responsibilities connected with them so serious, that I am fairly staggered by looking them in the face. Still, I have looked at them. All the leading officers of the Staff met me at Bombay before leaving, and we agreed that two days later they should look at them as well, and in discussing plans for the future. The following are some of the purposes then formed in our hearts, and which, in the strength of our God, we hope to see accomplished.

1. We must maintain every advantage already gained, secure and train the converts already made, and improve our position to the utmost on the old ground. This we can well do, I have never a doubt. The rearrangement of the country will greatly assist us in this respect. In a very little time our improved organization, with the growth in intelligence of our officers and soldiers, will tell greatly in our favour.

2. We must improve the training of our officers. Money and officers skilled for this duty must and shall be found. The cadets must be kept longer in the training homes. The increased number of candidates will enable us to do this.

### WE HAVE NOW FIFTEEN TRAINING HOMES.

As I have said, we must advance in efficiency and the training. This is not very costly. At present it is a little more expensive than it might be, as almost every man we take is married, there being no bachelors in India, consequently we have to take wives and children along with us. This, however, has corresponding advantages, seeing that wife and children come in for a share of the training. The Junior War will help us here by developing a new class of officers from whom we are able to keep until they are twenty years or older, before marriage. This will be a great gain.

### THE JUNIOR SOLDIERS.

3. We must pay a thousand, nay, ten thousand times more attention to the children. I was enraptured with their wisdom, activity, and capability. I have never seen in any part of the world, than those I saw in connection with our schools in different parts of the country. They impressed me as being really conversant with the activities of all that was said, singing and praying as occasion served, thoughtful and devoted, and giving good promise, every way, of making most valuable officers. I am speaking now of the officers' children, who, in four different parts of the country, are gathered in what would be called boarding schools.

"How much do they cost?" I asked the intelligent schoolmaster who had charge of a fine group of lads in the north. "I receive one anna and ten paise for board, clothing and feeding them" was the reply. The purchasing power of an anna is a little more than a penny of our money. Not

too high a price, surely, seeing that they were all learning, not only the elements of an ordinary peasant education, but, in addition, English and salvation. We ought to have thousands of them. They are there to be had.

### THE COST OF TRAINING.

As it is, the training is not very expensive after all. The cost of food for a Cadet averages about a rupee—say 1s. 3d. per week. His clothing is not very costly, so that the entire outlay involved in turning a soldier into an intelligent officer will only ordinarily amount to about 30 rupees.

### CHEAP BARRACKS.

4. We must keep on supplying barracks, however humble they may be, in those villages where we have a considerable number of soldiers. About £15 will erect a substantial building for people in the more northern parts of the country, while the same will put up a more temporary structure in the South. The substantial buildings are, however, I fancy, the most economical in the long run, and if a Cathedral can be erected for under £20 who would not embark in this line.

5. I propose the establishment of Corps in all the large cities of the Empire, in which the Europeans, the Eurasians, and the

### NAVAL AND MILITARY MEN

can unite. In one or two instances we have met with some, but absolutely forbidden meetings where anything but the native language is used, and propose now not only to allow, but to encourage the establishment of societies on the European model. A large number can be created at once. These will be attractive, I have no doubt, of money and cadets, and become a powerful auxiliary to the regular Indian force. These Corps will be able to do a great work amongst the native populations of the cities. The rapidity with which the English language is being made available, and an Officer in Salvation uniform can secure a crowd at any hour of the day or the night. A most important evangelising effort can be carried on after this fashion without a great cost incurred in ordinary Christian Societies.

Then there will be the working-out of the new

### INDIAN SOCIAL SCHEME.

which, if I am not mistaken, is destined to become a very great boon in every way to the poor of this great land. But my paper is already very long, and I must leave my readers to obtain the particulars from the pamphlet I have already published, or in some other way.

You will see that I have come back more than ever interested in India. I am deeply in love with it, and were I a young man beginning life afresh, and without limitation, say, "Send me to India."

### MORE WORKERS WANTED.

How shall I close? I positively cannot, without asking my readers the old-fashioned question, what are you doing to assist in the fight? Here is this great nation with its vast population, and its demand of its ten millions accessible to the message of salvation, with all these stupendous possibilities, and with these beautiful, brave comrades of ours wearing themselves out in their self-sacrificing endeavours to assist them. What are you doing? In sympathy, in prayer, in funds? Oh! again, and again, and again, during the eight weeks I spent in India, did I promise God and man that I would raise a little extra money for my heroic comrades, in one way or another. How can I fulfil my pledges? Will you help me to do it? If you cannot go yourself, or send your sons and daughters, pray send a little of your substance. God will reward you; I shall bless you; and the dear, dark Indian shall have the benefit.

The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 32,214,000 are annually—i.e., an average of 98,348 a day, 4,920 an hour and 67 a minute. The annual number of births, on the other hand, is estimated at 33,792,000—i.e., an average of 109,900 a day, 4,200 an hour and 70 a minute. The Salvation Army must not rest short of 70 conversions a minute.

## Specialty for Field Officers.

### HEALTH.

1. THE FIELD OFFICER must take all needful care of his health. Health is an important qualification for usefulness. It is difficult to see how an Officer, who has not ordinary health, can go through his duties successfully. We do not say he cannot be useful, because some Officers who have been very delicate have, nevertheless rendered valuable service, and held on for a considerable period of time. As a rule, however, health is so important, that every Officer ought to value it.

2. Good spirits have much to do with success. Cheerful, happy natures, with bright, good-humoured countenances, are very attractive. They draw the outsiders; they act like the drum and the cornet; they create a good impression as to what religion can do for people; and health is at the bottom of much cheerfulness of disposition and joyousness of life.

3. As health helps good spirits, so good spirits help health. Faith brings peace and joy, and the power of the Holy Ghost; thus leading to happiness and usefulness.

4. Health means strength to endure hardness, knocking about, coping with exhaustive open-air work, and continuous house-to-house visitation. Health is also indispensable, where the Field Officer has to endure the changeable and severe climates; in other words, to follow the Lord Jesus in manifold labors and self-denying toil. As the ability to endure these hardships means success in the War, health is greatly to be coveted on this account.

5. Health means economy in money and time. A man or woman who has good health can live upon a much smaller income, than one who is ailing and sickly. What a large amount of money is spent by sick and delicate people in varied matters made necessary by their condition—dress, food, and physic! What a quantity of time is expended in waiting, or in travelling about for change of air by ailing people! All, or very nearly all of this could be utilised in the Master's service, if these sufferers were well and strong.

6. Health means a great saving of trouble and anxiety. Think what a tax delicate people are to everybody about them. It is true that where there are loving and sympathetic friends and kindred, they don't grudge the watching and nursing and the thousand other forms of labor imposed by the sickness and weakness of an invalid. But these services have to be rendered all the same, and if these delicate ones were strong, and these weak ones—these sick ones—were strong, these engaged in nursing and waiting, and these could be employed in other ways profitable to the cause of the Master.

7. Health means life; disease means death. Think how much is lost to the world and the Army, when men and women, who have been acquiring information, learning the art of war, and acquiring the power to save souls, for three or four, or five or ten years, are cut down and hurried off to another world. What a pity it is—so far as this world goes! If Officers don't want to die just when they are reaching a position of usefulness, let them take care of their health.

Let Officers remember that, if the devil cannot stop them any other way, if he cannot turn their heads with success, or drive them to despondency, what else will he do? He will try to do it by persuading them to fool away their health.

8. The Field Officer should use some common sense about his health. We are supposing that he possesses a tolerably good constitution to begin with. Let him take care of it. "Rules and Regulations for Field Officers," by the General.

## HELPS FOR S. SERGEANTS

BEING NOTES ON THE MANUAL LEADER FOR JUNE 28th, 1892.

By Mrs. COLONEL JACOB.

### THE PARABLE OF THE WEEDS AND TARES.

Matt. 24, 30, 38-42.

Golden Text—"The good seed are the children of the Kingdom." Verse 38.

Verses 24 and 38: "The field the world; good seed the children of the Kingdom; tares the children of the wicked one."

LESSON. The ground on which the seed is sown is the world, children of the Kingdom are good; their mark of goodness is bearing good fruit. John xv. 8. Matthew xii. 33. Kingdom refers to the place of the saints and the experience of the saints. Luke xviii. 20 and 21, Romans xi. 17.

APPLICATION. Are you a child of the Kingdom? Attend xviii. 3. Although born bad, have you become good? Verses 25 to 27, tares are sown which appear as the seed grow up.

LESSON. The good and bad may grow together for a time and both appear the same, but sooner or later it will show itself. As we sow so shall we reap.—Gal. vi. 7.

APPLICATION. Beware of allowing any bad seed to remain in your heart; it will be sure to be seen sooner or later. Sin, like thistles, require the Kingdom. Verses 28 and 32. The enemy is the Devil. Both are to be kept together; the harvest, the end of the world; the angels, the reapers.

LESSON. The devil is an enemy to God, called a "roaring lion," 1 Peter v. 8; "a snarer from the beginning," John 8. 48; "Accuser," Rev. xii. 10; "Deceiver," Rev. xii. 10; "Liar," John viii. 44.

LESSON. This world is not the final judgment. Saints and sinners are allowed to live together; the angels will take part in the great harvest. APPLICATION. If converted you are like a captive by the devil. The power of Jesus is the only power. Whatever else is missed, get ready for the great harvest. Verses 30, 40 and 41. Tares bound in bundles, burned in the fire; tares are those which are ungodly.

LESSON. Learn the awful consequences of sin.—Rev. xi. 15. No mistake will be made; the tares bound in bundles means that they will be separated from the good.

APPLICATION. Be warned not to allow yourself to grow close to the great enemy to God. Think of the result!

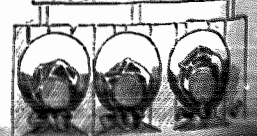
Verses 42 and 43. The doom of the wicked, the prospect of the righteous.

LESSON. As sin is great, so will the punishment be; called a furnace of fire, writhing with remorse, gnashing of teeth, signifying pain too great to bear. The righteous shine forth as the sun, that is, they reflect the image of Jesus.

APPLICATION. Be so concerned about the present near, so concerned about the future; the rewards of good and evil are sure to come sooner or later.

A VALUABLE paper, which will be published in three separate chapters, is being especially written for our readers by Brigadier Margrett, entitled the "Most Desirable." Chapter I. deals with His Spirituality; II. His Adornment; III. His Fight.

FAREWELL  
CONVENT HERBERT BOOTH  
JUNE 28th 1892  
WELCOME  
CONVENT EVA BOOTH  
THURSDAY AT 8 P.M.



# Unequaled Good-Bye Meetings!

## MOST TRIUMPHANT COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH

Receive Tornado-Like Expressions of Spontaneous and Enthusiastic Appreciation from a Great Audience in the Pavilion, Toronto.

"I HAVE NEVER been in a meeting in Canada where there was so much spontaneous enthusiasm and hearty appreciation of what was said as at the meeting to-night." Such is Adjutant Watson's verdict of Commandant and Mrs. Booth's farewell demonstration at the Pavilion Tuesday, June 19th, and the meeting was beyond all controversy, a triumphant success, the greatest that I have known the Commandant to have in the meeting line in this country. The Toronto "Globe," referring to the meeting, said next morning, "If Commandant Booth ever doubted the fact that either himself or his estimable wife was dear to the hearts of his people, those doubts must have been dispelled last night. At every mention of the name a salvo of applause was given, and when he rose to address the meeting to bid good-bye to his co-workers and followers, the great audience rose as a mass and cheered again and again, followed by volleys and hailshouts. Rain had been falling, off and on, for two days; it increased to a pretty steady downpour as the time for the meeting came on. The rain was quite heavy enough to keep the average meeting-goer at home, and had it not been for this drawback, not only would the Pavilion have been crowded to its utmost capacity, but hundreds would have been turned away. As it was, the congregation was a magnificent one, crowding the lower floor, almost filling the balcony, and even having a sprinkling in the tower-most gallery.

### The Scene was Unique.

The old platform had been constructed upon it a fine large gallery, upon which was ranged, tier on tier, a grand group of officers and soldiers, who were dressed in a variety of brilliantly colored costumes, the enthusiasm forming together a remarkable spectacular display.

Amongst the friends present were Rev. Dr. Thomas, Rev. Dr. Withrow, Staff-Inspector Archibald, and Mr. Maude, late Warden of the Central Prison, Toronto.

The brass band in attendance was composed of 22 players, under the direction of Bandmaster Manton, and produced some excellent music. Adjutants John McMillan and Harry Morris were hurrying the slide troupe, in fine style, and there were several very efficient and well-known courtesans in action, too.

### The Congregation

showed the spirit it was in, when the Commandant and Mrs. Booth entered, for they gave a perfect tornado of a welcome with hands, voices and instruments; the enthusiasm was contagious; it at once established a strong current of sympathy between the leaders of the meeting and the mighty crowd around them, guaranteeing success. Major Sharp and Mrs. Brigadier Margate also took up to lead in prayer. The Major prayed God to "bless and baptize our beloved leaders with the Holy Ghost, and make this last gathering the most spiritual, profitable and inspiring of any." Mrs. Margate also took well hold in her quiet but intense way, thanking God for the victories of the

past four years, and imploring the blessing there and then. Evidently their prayers were answered.

### Colonel Jacobs on the Talent Scheme.

After a hearty, united sing, Colonel Jacobs came to the front and explained to the public the Commandant's scheme for forming the Officers' Pension Fund. He said the cry had gone up from different sources that we made no provision for our officers when they became worn out, or incapacitated from old age, but we were a young organization, and they must have patience with us; perhaps we would get nearer perfection as time went on. This fund which the Commandant had inaugurated, known as the Talent Scheme, was not a fund for loafers, neither was it something to pay people who went out and black-balled the Army, but it was instituted in order that the widows of our officers and their children should have some provision made for them, when death took away the head of the family, as well as to provide for the old age of the officers. The Commandant had set in operation the Talent Scheme, and the soldiers had nobly responded. "Now, my dear Commandant," continued the Colonel, turning to the Commandant, "as the result of your appeal, I am glad to hand to you tonight a cheque for the

Amount Received, viz. \$3,000.

The Commandant rose, received the cheque and bowed his acknowledgment amidst the loud plaudits of the crowd.

Colonel Holland was the next speaker. He would, first of all, on this the eve of our beloved leaders' departure for a far-off Colony call for the farewell song:

"God be with you till we meet again."

This was sung with great heartiness and very deep feeling. There was present that night with me, I said to an Adjutant, whose eyes were swollen with crying, "You feel this farewell, Adjutant?" "I can hardly bear it," was his reply.

### Colonel Holland's Speech.

After the song was sung, the worthy Colonel inched out with an address which elicited anything I have ever heard from him before. He was frequently interrupted by outbursts of applause. His eloquence moved the whole house. He said he was present that night with a mixed audience, which would include leaders whose places it would be hard to fill, leaders whose faces we shall very much miss; leaders who in distress have stood by us, and in moments of adversity have brought us through more than conquerors. He referred to the deliverance the Commandant's administration had effected for the Army here, and said: "If the Salvation ship in Canada should ever be placed in the same kind of circumstances, if we should ever require a deliverer, our hearts would instinctively turn to you as the man most capable of extricating us out of our difficulties, and

I believe, if occasion requires, you would, as you have done in the past, come and help us." "If," said the Colonel, "our hearts had to decide the future of Mrs. Booth and the Commandant, we should unanimously say, 'Stay with us!' but we are too loyal and wise a people to seek to alter the plans of the General, which are made, we know, in view of the welfare of the whole Army. We need you here, but another country has greater need of you, and we loyally make the sacrifice."

"Mrs. Booth and dear Commandant, your memory will long live with us; you have inscribed your names on our hearts."

Daniel Webster has said that work done in marble or brass would perish, but the engraving of the truth on men's hearts would last. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth had so wrought that they would leave their impress behind, and it was for good. "Your example," said Colonel Holland, "has inspired us, our love to God has been intensified, our zeal has been increased, and we have renewed our determination to push this Salvation battle to the gate. I believe there is not a coward amongst us." Garibaldi had once tested his victorious soldiers by asking if they would follow him into battle again. One had cried, "What will you give us?" and Garibaldi said, "Only poverty and the prospect of death, but the freedom of Italy." Every man, with a shout, declared they would follow him, live or die, "and," said the Colonel, turning to the Commandant, "if occasion demanded it, sir, I think I voice the sentiments of every Officer in this building in saying we would follow you through to the bitter end."

Christopher Wren's memorial tablet in St. Paul's, London, bids the reader look around him for Wren's monument, and we have in every province of our Territory the monuments of the Commandant's stay amongst us. The Commandant then read the following address:

### The Farewell Address from the Officers.

June 19th, 1896.

DEARLY BELOVED LEADERS,—  
We, the undersigned Staff and Field Officers assembled here, representing nearly three hundred Corps scattered through the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and British Columbia desire to take the opportunity which your farewell presents of placing on record our profound and lasting appreciation of the valuable services which you have rendered to the cause of God and the Army in Canada.

When we reflect upon the great change for the better that has come over the work throughout the Dominion, and our sister colony of Newfoundland, our hearts are filled with gratitude and praise. We shall point with pleasure to the memorials of your enterprise and ability which you will leave behind you—to our greatly improved financial position, to our commodious and centrally located buildings erected in London, Hamilton, Winnipeg and many other places, to the establishing of the seven Harbors of Refuge for distressed and fallen women, to the increase of the Army's scope and influence, and to the solid extension and development of the work throughout the territory.

We shall ever associate your name with the greatest difficulties through which our work in this country has been called upon to pass—difficulties, however, which under your excellent leadership we have met with good heart, and which by the good blessing of God have been largely overcome. We are now a loyal people, a

united people, and what we think will gratify you most of all, a people upon whom you can rely to extend and develop the work of the organization for which yourself and other members of your noble and immortal family have done so much. And when the sword shall have fallen from our grasp, we shall take our highest pleasure in dedicating to our children, and children's children the task of carrying on this holy war until the literal fulfillment of the promise has been realized, when "the heathen shall be Christ's inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth His possession."

In closing, we desire to express our sincere and lasting regret at your removal from Canada. You occupy a place in our hearts' affections which neither the length of years, nor the rolling of oceans between us can efface.

That God may bless your future, and crown your every effort with abundant success, we shall ever pray.

### The Commandant Replies.

Amidst volleys and thunders, the Commandant rose, and so soon as he could make himself heard, said:

"MY DEAR COLONEL HOLLAND, my dear Comrades and friends: I accept this beautiful address, which you have just presented to me, with very great satisfaction, and shall put it into my pocket, and deeper than any pocket in my heart, and carry it away with me as one of the most precious treasures which I possess in this world. I do not think that in all my history as an Officer in the Army—and I am just approaching my 44th year—since I was commissioned to my dear Sister, although she is my dear Sister, who is following me. Although I regret to say that recent times have gone to show that there has been one of our family—hitherto so knit together in the center of the Army—has been found to falter in the obedience to his instructions, yet if there has been one who hesitated to go, thank God there is another Booth who has not hesitated to go. (Loud cheers.) And in a free country like Canada, where we have all been accustomed and trained from our infancy on, to consider that one man is as good as another, may I not go so far as to say, with all respect, that in this particular matter, one Booth is as good as another. (Cheers.) The Commandant then referred to his inability to weep, sometimes, when he most felt like it; he reminded us he was, however, still in charge of the ship for another 48 hours, in which he would, he hoped, be permitted to do what he had with her, (cheers) of course, always subject to the safeguards of the benevolent and benign influences of his beloved wife. (More and still louder cheers.) The Commandant congratulated the ladies, who he had seen first of all on being aboard the Armyship, and told a story to illustrate the superior sense of those who stayed on board, which "brought down the house," and made every Salvationist feel extra nice. "The wife who spoke of that most solemn word, peace, which can be uttered by human lips, 'good-bye,' uttered sometimes at the grave; uttered in all sorts of conditions and circumstances; uttered sometimes at the wharf, as we see the narrow stretch of water growing wider and wider which separates from the hearts who are dearer to us than ourselves."

### Hoisting the Signals.

No. 1. "Glory to God in the Highest."

Before finally saying "Good-bye," he would haul up a flag "Good-bye," he would haul up a few signals to the mast-head, and the



first should be "Glory to God in the highest." In response to the invitation the host shouted "Glory!" Yes, but be sure you finish it, and make it Glory to God," said the Commandant.

"Who is the man who seeks to win glory from them around him. Christ says to him, as He said to all hypocrites, he has his reward; he has it while the plaudits of the crowd last; but when that is gone he is left a poor, disappointed being. Such must be the fate of those who seek the glory of mankind. What a poor reward indeed they get!"

Our leader referred to the poor, disappointing thing it would have been to him then had he sought the love of his people's hearts more than the interests of their souls; their smiles and affections would to-morrow be given to another. Indeed, if they were true Salvationists, they must be given to another—to Commissioner Eva, his precious sister, to whose zeal and ability and fidelity and courage he and his beloved wife were handing over the command with the fullest gladness and profoundest hope. He said the glory was the feet of Jesus, who would reward what was done for Him.

"Jesus has helped us. Who else but Him could have stilled the aching of our hearts? who have kept us from fainting from the sheer exhaustion of our conflict? The glory here to give witness that his promise has been true. He has never left us, and He has given us the joy of our hearts, and we have seen enough to have all our toll rewarded in the love and faithfulness of our comrades in this great country. Glory be to God! Glory be to God!"

### Peace.

The next signal heard was that of "Peace." The devil's vocabulary of pleasures was a very big one, but there was one thing not in it, one thing which the devil had never gone so far as to offer; it could not be found in the places and conditions subject to his control,—in the drunkard's home, the sinner's breast, or the hypocrite's citadel, but Jesus Christ came to the world with that gift of peace. Moreover, the Commandant felt he was leaving us with that peace of God in his heart. Peace in our ranks, too, as an organization; we have peace within and throughout our borders. There had been a time of disputes within, when the canker of dissatisfaction threatened to eat our vitals and to force the army back, miserable, and without having accomplished that for which it had been sent. But he knew whereof he spoke when he said that to our farthest borders our officers and soldiers were united, and if anyone were to ask him to thoughtfully say what he considered the greatest accomplishment of the past four years, he would say the bringing of peace into the ranks of the Salvation Army.

The third signal hoisted was "Tribulation." Under this subject the Commandant emphasized the fact that God's best saints are the best tested men; the worst women resemble God, in so far as we like tested friends, tested habitations, tested costs, tested bridges, etc. The Saints who demanded most of our regard and affection were the most tested ones. We admire Job most on the dung-hill of his distress; Daniel most in the lions, and Paul in his tribulations more than in his prosperity. The Army had had its tribulations, which had helped weld it together, but "God has brought us through." He had even been in the midst of it. He had been brought to us that there had been found a lawyer in Toronto, with the profession of Christian, who was willing to exert the whole force of his brains in a contest against him; he had been subjected to any amount of legal questions, no less than 15,000 appeals being extracted from him, until he was downright glad when the matter got to the law courts; but the chariot-wheels of the Egyptians came off in the middle of the Red Sea, and he had not had to say a word in defence of himself or the Army.

### Solvency.

Another signal was "Solvency," to which text was attached a brief statement of the wonderful financial sagacity of Cry readers are familiar with; and lastly came "VICTORY!" After having referred to the fact that there were other signals he would

have liked to raise if time had permitted, the Commandant, in vivid imagination, hailed his last signal to the most-heralded Canadian vessel. What was said upon this was one of the most effective pieces of public speaking we have ever heard from our beloved leader. In part, these were his words: "Upon that signal is inscribed as it spreads to the breeze the comprehensive and triumphant word

### Victory."

After referring to the victories accomplished by the help of God on this great battlefield, the Commandant concluded by saying, "Victory, my comrades, is the word. Victory is the inspiring motto which must carry with us to the battle. Victory is the object which will render us forgetful of any selfish consideration. What cares the true soldier for ought but Victory in the rattle of real warfare? What cares he for ought but the honor of doing what he is most required of, rallying to what is most pressed, and concerning what is most lost in the hour when the thunders of artillery are shaking his brain, rivers of blood are washing his feet, and the intense feeling of his count appeals to his heart, that is the VICTORY he is after." Then turning to his officers and soldiers, and applying the truth to his own heart, our leader went on: "But we must have victory in our own breasts; we must be conquerors over our more subtle forces that entrench themselves in the heart. No victory elsewhere can be substituted for this; none will be accepted by God. Oh, that we may meet again, my comrades, in the great day of His coming with that victory to recall the many things that stand together with the blood atoned for, and the army trampled upon our inclinations, surrendered our interests, strangled our doubts, laughed at our dangers, struggled on under our burdens and stilled by a masterful command our tumults of fear, thus earning for ourselves in the highest and holiest service our right to the title—heroes and heroines. May we gather in that solemn hour around the Saviour's throne, and be numbered among those "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in the fight and put to flight the armies of the aliens." The Commandant assumed his seat amid tremendous applause.

Before the applause had subsided, the Commandant again rose and, with a few very graceful remarks as to how much he personally owed her, led to the front Mrs. Booth. Needless to say, this was the signal for a renewal of the cheering.

### Mrs. Booth's Thrilling Farewell Words.

Mrs. Booth had the great audience in rapt attention when she sang a song specially written for the occasion by the Commandant, and many will remember that plaintive refrain, "Farewell, Dear Comrades, Farewell," when their greatly-loved Commissioners are lost to sight.

Mrs. Booth, who was warrior-like, and received very great appreciation, as was evident by the beaming faces everywhere. Mrs. Booth said her heart was full, she could not express how much she appreciated the love shown her; indeed, she would like to take us all to task as well. The audience seemed willing enough. Mrs. Booth declared she was a soldier willing to go where she was sent. The people were stirred to added enthusiasm by the story of her grandfather who, when driven in the press of the great battle to a single-handed contest with his back to a wall and his face to the foe, still refused to surrender, and said, in response to the order of his assailants to deliver up his sword, "You can take my life, but I shall never surrender my sword." The Duke of Marlborough can do more than draw the sword; they can fight, and win, and that is what they would do in Australia. They could not see so far ahead, but like a certain sea-captain, who said he but not a ship, never surrendered, he knew the course; they, too, knew the course and would go forward in it.

But what would those present do? Here a thrilling story of a military

officer who dallied in a rose-garden when he should have gone into battle, but who was recruited for DOING NOTHING was used with telling effect. Rally to the Cross! Bring up the soldiers to the standard! Were amongst the magnetic commands which rang out from Mrs. Booth's lips before she closed with a verse of one of her favorite songs for the unweaned, "Come ye Disconsolate."

As the applause died away the Commandant invited first the officers then all who were present to a renewal of faithfulness and fidelity to God and His work, to which many hundreds responded. Then Rev. Dr. Thomas prayed for our Army soldiers, and for "our brother and sister who are now going to Australia. May the glory of Him who lived, died and rose again fill their lives and enable them to do a still greater work for Him in the future," to which petition many a fervent "Amen" was given. After the meeting the platform was thronged with those who seized the opportunity to personally say "Good-bye."

## Wednesday's Councils.

### The Last Words of Commandant and Mrs. Booth to their Officers.

#### THE MORNING SESSION.

The Y. W. C. A. Hall on Elm Street was packed full by about 500 officers on Wednesday morning. The Commandant gave out the "On, Battalions of the Lord, to Victory." The beautiful little Victor Booth stood on a chair and did good service with his harmonium, already showing the forecast of a coming leader and warrior.

Brigadier Scott, of St. John, N. B., prayed that we might always realize that spirit of thanksgiving, followed by Major Friedrich, of Spokane, Wash., who asked God to give light and guidance as our leaders spoke their parting words of counsel. Then the Commandant prayed that this Council might remain in our memories for ever, and that we might now begin another series of crowning victories. On rising he said he addressed this last meeting with his Officers for deep feelings in his heart, and to say that he loved us was a very small matter; he had learned to love us as we fought so bravely and devotedly along sunny paths, as well as in the storm of difficulty and trial. He thanked us for the beautiful gift of the love of our officers, and to use a word of a brigadier, "to be a 'tickler' with it; so much so that he sat up till after midnight to read those messages of fidelity and affection, the fruits of love. He praised us for the spirit expressed as to the welcome the new Commissioner would receive, and when the Commandant stated that she had wired that she already was certain to feel much at home with us, we roared, and clapped and shouted.

Later on, Mrs. Booth sang a special farewell song composed by the Commandant, to the tune of "Father, dear Father."

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

##### THE COMMANDANT ON LOVE AND FAITH.

The Commandant, after opening with a verse of song No. 151 to a new tune, as for those words were concerned, that of "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and immediately after went right into his address, following out the same plan as in the morning, taking as his text verses and refrains of different songs and bringing out of the truths never before seen by most of us present.

Before taking up his subject our leader read on a telegram received from Commissioner Eva Booth full of assurance of love for her Canadian warriors, and determination to win Canada for Jesus.

After putting it to the meeting, which unanimously accepted, the Commandant sent Commissioner Eva a telegram assuring her that a loyal, loving welcome awaited her in Canada.

The first chorus to which our attention was directed was the one by

singing, "Let me love Thee Saviour," etc., and after having sung it several times, the Commandant commenced to analyze, as he was wont to do, the point that was to be made a blessing to our souls, viz., LOVE to God. He said, "It is possible for a man or woman to work hard, and faithfully, to love God, but it is not possible to love God, but it is not possible to love and giving." "Love," he said, "is the desire to give—a giving up of all for the sake of the object loved." "What we want," said he, "is the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, so that we shall love as He loves. Genuine love to God is a rarer thing than 'There is a great deal of fiction in God-loving Him until something else comes along whom they think better and away they go.' Here the Commandant got out at those who had ceased to love, and follow Him. For the sake of a young man, or a 'nice young man,' or a young woman, they have ceased to love God, and have given in the matter of resignation, but 'ill-health' course.

"God has a hatred for those who sport with His love," said our leader, and then, in a few words, beautifully illustrated what our love to God should be like, by explaining the law of gravitation.

The next text was found in the refrain of the song, "Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge." The Commandant speaking on Faith, from the beautiful line, "I Will Trust Thee." "Faith is a wonderful thing," said he, "we live by faith, lose by our doubts. Faith is a law of the physical as well as in the spiritual world. What is there in our power to do," he said, "without faith? Locomotion would stop on the banks would cease, and would fall utterly, and as we live and move by faith in our temporal affairs, so in our spiritual life."

"The Shield of Faith can blunt all the fiery darts of the enemy." "Faith is the great overall of our prayers." "Faith is a law of evidence in our lives; were beautiful points brought out, clearly and forcibly, by our loved, departing leader.

Explanation; and when we feel the Divine love and power filling our lives. In concluding, the Commandant, with tears in his eyes, told of his love to his Canadian comrades, and how he had always enjoyed the Councils with them. What he had been able to give to us he had got first from God.

With a loving reference to his Booth and her co-partnership with him in his work here, he brought the meeting to a close, and we separated everybody feeling that the Commandant had surpassed himself.—R. Pugh.

#### EVENING SESSION.

##### WITH OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

Last meetings, last moments and last words are usually solemn and long remembered, often never forgotten. It will be so with the last meeting of our dear Commandant and his Booth. It was hard to realize that the fact stood out before us on our minds and hearts as that crowd of officers and soldiers assembled in the Jubilee Hall, the scene of so many hard-fought battles and brilliant victories. The hall was packed with the most enthusiastic, loving, loyal and self-sacrificing men and women who had ever been in Canada before; as the Commandant remarked, they had been tried and tested to the utmost, and had stood and fought amidst encouragements and difficulties, the like of which no other country would have seen. But we were not surprised, then, that when the parting of our dear leaders came, who had been to us as Moses and a John, we should feel as we did.

Our leaders' arrival was the signal for a mighty outburst of cheer and greeting.

#### Evangelizing Pugh Dedicated.

Then followed a sad and pathetic scene, as the Commandant turned to God and the Army the daughter of our glorified Comrade, Mrs. Pugh.

All hands were moved by the bereaved father and the

to dedicate his motherless child to God.

The Commandant spoke most affectionately, thus: "My dear Pugh, it was my privilege to give you your first commission, and I am glad to see you again my joy to unite you and your dear wife, who is now among the shining hosts, together in marriage, and again my sad duty to lay her body to rest, and now to dedicate your dear little girl to God in the Army. It was her mother's wish, and I am glad to say, that her child should be named after our Field Commissioner, Evangelina."

"I charge you to train her for God and keep from her all baneful influences. May she grow up to be a woman of God."

Al, we shall never forget the night when memory lasts. As the Commandant rose to read to us for the last time, he remarked that he had been much impressed with the last words of some of God's great saints and heroes, and had found that their last words were characteristic of the work they had done for their God and the fight they had fought, and of the men themselves.

### "Follow Thou Me."

The last words of Jesus were generally believed to be "It is finished," but not so, for he arose again and gave further instructions to his followers. "FOLLOW THOU ME," the words Jesus said, and which were the last of his address, never mind, John, never mind looking and troubling about this one or that one and what will become of them, what position they will have. "FOLLOW THOU ME," Jesus said to each one of us.

The Commandant, the only representative, Major Sharp, here read an address on behalf of Newfoundland, which the Commandant humorously remarked for artistic get-up and hearty good-will excelled any he had received. Major Sharp was heartily cheered at the close.

The meeting naturally assumed a representative nature. Major Read spoke on behalf of Headquarters Staff, having worked for two years under the Commandant; he spoke of help and blessing received.

### Our Women of War.

Married women officers were well represented by Mrs. Brigadier Margette, who reminded us that we were losing two Commandants and only getting one. The women had in a special manner looked on Mrs. Booth as their property. By her letters of council and love, and by personal acquaintance, Mrs. Booth had been a great help and blessing. The Commandants had been known to her, and only getting were leaving behind them an example of adherence to principle which was the cause of their success.

The dear old East was well represented by Brigadier Scott, who expressed his painful regret of the Eastern comrades that they had never had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Booth, it having been absolutely impossible for her to visit the East through sickness, home cares and amount of work, but assured Mrs. Booth of the loyalty of the Eastern comrades.

### America to the Front.

Staff-Captain Agnew, an old Canadian soldier, had been entrusted to convey to the Commandant and Mrs. Booth a message of love and cheer from the comrades in New York. The Staff-Captain was delighted to find such rock bottom principle of Salvationism here. The Commandant here decided to return the message of love to our American comrades, which was cheered to the deafening pitch.

Major Jowar's touching reference to the flowers given to him by Mrs. Booth on the last journey of herself and now glorified husband on his departure to the East to die, brought tears to many eyes.

The Pacific Province, of course, was well represented. Major Bradley was entrusted with a hearty message. Many had said the Canadian Army would never do for the States, but it was a mistake; the people knew a good thing when they saw it.

Major Streton could speak with personal knowledge of the self-sacrifice of our leaders, having lived

in their home. He made a touching reference to Staff-Captain Jones' life and death.

The War Cry Editor, who, as a comrade remarked, always "gets there," spoke, but of the magnificent accomplishments which he signified our leaders' stay here; he emphasized the fact that Commandant and Mrs. Booth, when the full glare of public opinion was brought to bear upon their private characters, not only stood the test, but were the better loved for the stirring work of the character laid in the fact that he was glad they were going to Australia, which he so graphically described, that some of us felt, "But what must it be to be there?" the love, zeal and warm-heartedness of the people was wonderful, and they would swallow their honored leaders wholeheartedly, assured the Commandant. His anecdote should be reserved for a new edition of Dates' Cycle of Illustrations.

### Ovation to Chief Secretary Holland.

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Holland, received an ovation on rising to say Good-bye. He felt it hard to express his feelings, felt it parting keenly; had learned to know and love every officer in the Field during his seven years' service in this country. Speaking of the meeting of Stanley and Livingston, whose servants were talking of their masters, one said his was a Gentlemen and the other said "Mine is a Christian." The Colonel had found the Commandant both a Christian and a gentleman. (Tornado of applause).

Mrs. Booth sang her last solo, specially composed for this meeting. Who can tell the result after such parting, "Farwell, Good-bye, Good-bye."

Mrs. Booth thought after all the beautiful kind words spoken to-night which they did not deserve, she thought it was a pity we could not furnish three months before we went away. People generally said, "Oh, things when friends were dying, which would have cheered them had they said them when in the rack and anxieties of life. She would never forget us.

The sister comrades had been dear to her, especially the Social Sisters, who had never left the Social Sisters. Our leader expected all of us to be true to God, to the Army and each other till we meet in the morning.

Adjutant McMillan and Ensign Kingston, who accompany our leaders to Australia, next spoke, both of whom were cheered to the echo. We were proud to send such representative Canadian comrades to Australia, and Adjutant McMillan assured us he would sustain the reputation of Canada.

### The Climax.

It is absolutely impossible to describe this the closing scene of a Commannder, with his loved and faithful troops, one of, if not the most wonderful in the annals of Salvation warfare. The Commandant's words were few. He would have said more, but could not. Words were unnecessary. His life has been more than all words could convey. As the words of Jesus, unless backed by his holy and beautiful life, sufferings and death would probably have been forgotten, so our comrades' life, sufferings and example of his holy and beautiful life, sufferings and death would have been forgotten, and his precious teachings and his given that stability to his administration which will long survive them.

After gathering round himself and his dear wife his faithful provincials, under the flag, the old flag of Blood and Fire, to wave it with each Provincial Officer, and, clanking with emotion, asked all to rise who would sing a verse together of consecration. Then 600 officers and soldiers, with hands uplifted to heaven, sang and wept almost all night. That scene was photographed in Heaven surely. We shall never forget it. It was a glorious finish of a glorious fight. I can truly say, after fighting under four Canadian Commandants, that for zeal, loyalty, enthusiasm and unity and love I have not seen like before. It is the glorious outcome of a brave stand for God and the Army principles.

Long may our faithful leaders live to push the battle to the gate in Australia.—J. W.

### The Last Supper.

"I thought I would like to have a cup of tea with you before we leave

you, a kind of a last supper," said the Commandant, rising to speak to his trusted Staff-Officers at the close of a beautiful social tea in the Temple.

The Commandant was surrounded by his Provincial and leading officers, while two long tables were filled with happy and healthy Staff-Officers and wives.

The Commandant announced the promotion of several comrades to the rank of Ensign, Captains Kendall, Parsons, Bixby, Newman and Captain Korr, who for years have faithfully labored in the Province. These comrades were greatly cheered.

Staff-Captain Minnie, who had just arrived from London, England, was next introduced by the Commandant. The Staff-Captain is a hale and hearty Scotchman, and we feel sure he will be a blessing to Canada.

A few parting words of cheer and council closed this happy meeting.

## At Victoria Park.

### A Day of Salvation Revelry and Jubilation—A Rousing Meeting in a Bowling Alley.

The Commandant and Staff left the Electric Light Wharf at 2 p.m., by the "William South" and arrived at Victoria Park, where hundreds of officers and soldiers had proceeded by the electric cars and rallied at the wharf and gave the Commandant a gigantic reception. The Temple and Hurricaners' bands, volleys and numbered, and the troops shouted and roared. The rain, or nothing else, could stop these rousing, rollicking Army people. In the dance-pavilion the Commandant announced the object of the day's outing to be a time for exchange of personal greetings and friendship. He called for volleys for the General, the Army, and the Territory, and the whole world, and dismissed us to romp about under the trees till about five o'clock, when a rush was made for refreshment. Mrs. Booth sat by the Commandant's side, as well as the Provincial Secretaries and other illuminaries. Two long tables were filled and refilled with hungry mortals. Sharp at six, we marched across the rustic bridge, "two by two," and packed the bowling alley jam full of sides, window sills, and even "the outside was packed up," about the windows and doors.

Colonel Holland proposed we fire a volley at the Commandant's entrance loud enough to split the rafters. Brigadier Mettleson did not object, i.e., we fire one for the Colonel. We fired it, and the Colonel, too, was fired into the air by some rowdy Salvationists, almost annihilating his equivalent for a moment. Major Read sang a revised version of "Meekly Wait and Mourn Not."

General jubilation followed, in which two frisky fellows, Brigadier Scott and Major Sharp did a dance in genuine Newfoundland style. And while we were singing, "We'll all fire a volley for him comrade," the Commandant and Mrs. Booth appeared on the scene and we fired, and yelled, and blew and hallooed and thumped a proper old stinger of a volley. The Commandant humorously remarked, "I see you are all in excellent spirits, even to glad to see me here." (Cries of "Oh, no.")

After singing "God is Keeping His Soldiers Fighting," we got on our knees, and the Commandant said this farewell was to mean a time when we were to look upon him as ever to look on him, when human sympathy and help is withdrawn. The characteristic of the friendship of Jesus is that it endures unto the end of the world. Field Officers and Provincial Officers may have farewell orders, but Jesus' farewell has no orders to leave or forsake us.

Major Sharp prayed in Newfoundland style, loud and enthusiastic that those who were not yet "sanctified" might be filled with the Holy Ghost. The Commandant said the meeting was convened to express our sentiments and would be the last opportunity we would have of the kind, and wanted as many as possible to say a few words. He wanted the meeting to be bright and cheerful, and not a sad or a solemn character. Partings were not playthings. He realized our fidelity to him, and he could not help but feel this parting with us. "However," said the Com-

mandant, "we're soldiers to go, and I hope you all may be ready for that day when you will be called to cross the Atlantic or the Pacific." He wanted as many as possible to express their feelings, and he would like to know what our standing in spiritual life was. He felt the sword over to the new Commissioner without having had a good fight, (we all volleyed and thundered) and he was as determined to fight, now, as when he landed on these shores, and was necessary to him to go away that the "comforter" might come (meaning Commissioner Eva).

Colonel Holland was then called on "to address the house." He said the Commandant had proved himself to be a blood and fire fighter. (We all nodded assent.) He reminded the Colonel of a man he heard of who only weighed one hundred pounds, but ninety-five pounds was backbone. He said "We all have stood by him, though he had a tough battle, and the Commandant has this confidence in us, that we have stood by him; and had the battle been ten times more difficult, we would have fought shoulder to shoulder, and we are prepared to fight against the Great apocalyptic."

After singing, "I'm Glad I'm in this Army," with special emphasis on "this," the meeting was opened for "Whosoever will." Adjutant George Manton was up like a rocket. He said, "Three generations of Mantons greet you. He wound up by throwing a kiss to the Commandant."

The Commandant made us all long to go to Australia with him, as he told of oranges growing in the back yards, and of the beautiful geraniums that were used to line the sides of the ditches with.

Major Streton said he had the Army spirit born in him fifteen years ago.

The Commandant announced the transfer of Major Streton to the United States.

"Gospel John," a Methodist fighter, known to all 7 a.m. Sunday knee-drillers, told us he was born the same year the General was, and belonged to the Methodist New Connection when the General did. "The Army," said John, "is a second volume of Methodism, and the second volume was always better than the first." (Blood and fire demonstration of appreciation of John's sentiment.)

Adjutant Hawling and Adjutant Turner were promoted on the spot to be Staff-Captains. Dozens of Officers testified to their love to the Commandant for his uprightness, his principle and his out-and-out Salvationism. We wound up at 8:30 p.m. in the dark as the building was not lighted, all saying "God bless the Commandant; we're sorry he's going to leave us."

Major Streton is transferred to the United States.

Adjutants Rawling, Turner and Cowan are promoted to be Staff-Captains.

Captain Kendall, of Belleville, is an Ensign.

Adjutant Burdette is a happy father. A lassie cadet has arrived at his home.

Staff-Captain Agnew, of New York, and Ensign Jimmy Brooks, of Philadelphia, attended the Commandant's farewell.

The Commandant was pronounced by everybody to excel himself in the farewell Councils. He always "shines" at a Council, but three eclipsed any previous ones he led.

About 400 Officers attended the farewell meetings, and everything went as merry as a marriage bell.

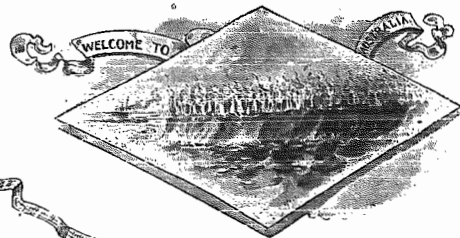
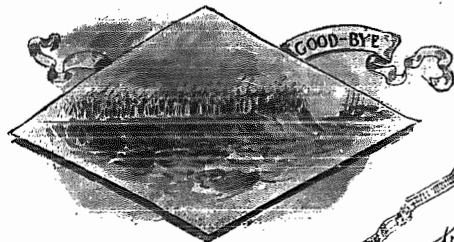
Ensign Sobell, the Provincial Light Brigade Agent for West Ontario, goes on a month's furlough.

Adjutant Andrews, of Halifax, Shetler, has farewell. Adjutant Alex McLean takes the command there.

Ensign Ritchie has taken the helm of the Lifeboat, the Toronto Shelter. Captain Bert Collier, the holy, good manager of the Toronto Work Yard, has been appointed to the London Shelter.

Ensign Holman has been appointed to the Montreal Rescue Home.

Ensign Cowden accompanies Mrs. Booth to Australia. She volunteered to go without even going home to see her friends.



Dear  
Commandant  
Eastern Troops  
Annally R.  
God bless thee and thine  
May you always triumph  
In full Salvation this  
and strong  
In full Salvation  
March along

For ever!  
Your loving Counsel  
and noble example  
will turn us  
Forgotten & us  
H. B. Booth  
E.P.

The East British Troops  
with their British & Provincial  
Commanders send Farewells  
Farewell  
They themselves with their best wishes  
+ administer the same to those  
who have been with us. Remembered by  
H. B. Booth  
and thine  
H. B. Booth

Dear Commandant  
H. B. Booth  
As in the past  
We can depend upon  
up being true & loyal  
to the dead old flag  
H. B. Booth

The great North  
West officers and  
soldiers can be  
relied upon to  
a man.  
H. B.

Farewell.  
Commandant and  
march on, come  
you and shine  
H. B.

My dear friend  
I have just received  
your letter of the 11th inst.  
and am glad to hear  
of your success.  
I am, my friend,  
your sincere friend  
H. B. Booth

Farewell  
Dear friends  
Your loving friends  
We will ever remember  
you have no regrets to  
make for standing by the  
god helping us to win  
to faithful to the end  
H. B. Booth

Adieu  
Dear Commandant  
H. B. Booth  
By the grace of God -  
which creates, ex-  
tends, and endures our  
cool and ardour as  
as our determination  
to do our part  
toward bringing the word  
of God to the people  
in whom Jehovah &  
the General have delight  
J. B. Mangels  
R. B. W. S.

WAR IN THE WEST.  
and of the remarkable conversion  
of many who were unit in the  
columns. Truly, God is a mighty  
Savior.  
At night we were reinforced by Ad-  
miral Weyman, Ensign Adams and  
Smith, and Captain Gooding. This  
meeting was good. The Major read of  
Let's escape from Solon, and vividly  
portrayed how that in seeking to  
escape, people had no time to consider  
the politeness of the manner they ca-  
pitol, but the fact that they must  
escape or perish.  
None came forward, but God was  
and on many hearts. And we know  
that there will come good out of these  
meetings. - W. H. B.

BRIGADIER MANGELT, with his  
officers and soldiers of the West On-  
tario Province, have made a brave  
fight with the Talant Solon.

# THE FALLEN RAISED.

**Social Work of the Sal-  
vation Army.**

### THE INSTITUTIONS VISITED.

## THE LAST MELTING SCENE AT THE DEPOT.

## Our Army and Its Late Leaders Part in a Flood of Affectionate Tears.

**A MOST TOUCHING SCENE.**

The most remarkable display of enthusiasm and deep feeling which has characterized the farewell meetings of our late beloved leaders culminated in a deeply touching scene at the Union Depot, when the Commandant and Mrs. Booth boarded the cars for New York en route to England. An enormous march, composed of the 300 officers present, as well as a great number of the rank and file, making the

biggest open-air display seen in years, escorted the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, with Victor and Ferdinand, and their two beautiful sons, to the depot. The railway authorities granted a special permit admitting the Army to the departure platform and the host of Salvationists grouped around the eud car to hear the last words of our old Commissioners. Here took place a scene which we cannot

properly describe. The Commandant, looking at his troops with eyes full of love, commenced right bravely. He threw all the boys a kiss and said these girls could take one if they liked. God had been good, he said, to them during their stay here, surrounding them with the ever-blessed influences of His Holy Spirit. He prayed that that Holy Spirit might go with those who were going, and stay with those who were staying till we meet again. "We shall meet again, shall we not?" interrupted our leader. A roar of "Yes"

was the immediate response. One parting word he wished us to remember: "It was, 'Stand by the Cross! Stand by the Cross, and you are alright, you are alright while you stand by the Cross,'" reiterated the Commandant. "Lift it up, the glorious world-wide standard of the Salvation Army!"

• • •

Then the Commandant left off with the chorus, "Stand by the Flag." The chorus was sung through while the wave of strong feeling increased. Mrs. Booth, with her always inspiring face, then said as many words as her heart would permit. She said she wished she could stay off that car and stay with us. She was swallowing her

be brave and keep up the reputation of the  
of her people, but it was difficult to  
do so. "Stand firm, stand firm," said  
Mrs. Booth; then it seemed that the  
tears choked everybody. "Good-by, good-  
good-by," was all dear Mrs. Booth could  
could say. The Commandant came to the  
the rescue and started "God be With  
You Till We Meet Again." It was  
sung by a weeping crowd between  
their sob, the bell clanged — the  
train moved—little Victor and For-  
dinand waved, the Commandant and

Mrs. Booth waved and sang and cried all at once; so did those left behind. Then the band struck up "God be With You." The train was in the distance by now; it was soon out of sight. We looked round at the comrades; they were grief-stricken. Commandant and Mrs. Booth's memory rests deeply in our hearts' affections and we have no doubt but that we the officers, soldiers and friends of this wing of the Army rest as deeply in theirs.

We cannot forbear to draw attention to the splendid spirit of the troops who can endure such a separation as this so cheerfully and heartily. With this spirit in our officers and soldiers the world over, we need not fear the fight nor doubt that we shall gain the victory for ever more.—John Compila.

**MANY PROMINENT CITIZENS GIVEN AN INSIGHT INTO THE PRACTICAL WORK—HOW THE UNDER STRATA ARE BEING HELPED.**

**I**T had long been the Commandant's desire to form a party of Toronto's leading citizens, and personally accompany them on an inspection of the Army's Social Institutions in the Queen City. Thursday, June 4th, was the day set apart, and shortly at noon a spanking new "Tally-ho" stood at the Temple's front, filled with soldiers and representative

with us today. A crowd of gentlemen are to be desired. Here are their names: Ex-Warden Masie, the Registrar; City Commissioner, J. G. South. Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mr. Geo. Sweetnam, Mr. Roberson, president Canadian Temperance League, Lawyer Ogden, Mr. Brandon, Mr. Paul, ex-Mayor Kennedy, Rev. Dr. Galbraith, Mr. King, the "Globe" representative, and Mr. McMullen, of "The World." In addition to these there were the Commandant, Colonel Jacobs, Major Compston, Read and Stratton.

Major Fleming, Chancellor Bowers and Staff-Inspector Archibald and others expressed their deep sorrow at not being able to attend. Great was the surprise of the whole party as the meeting took a careful survey of the inner workings of Territorial Headquarters and they were pleased beyond measure and it was the ramifications of the Private and Trade Office. Major Street took action as treasurer, and citizens took King street to the Parkside Recreation Home where Mrs. Booth and Miss Favelle joined the party. The group of twelve people who were especially beautiful.

ful on this lovely June day. What a haven of rest and peace for the dear inmates! Luckily the girls were just at dinner, and the gentlemen were delighted to see their happy faces around the dinner-table. Then the Commandant escorted them from one room to another, explaining as he did

[illegible]

a hearty laugh was heard.  
The party next headed for

**The Women's Shelter,** on Agnes Street. A huge bundle of foreign "Grays" had been widely brought to the Committee's attention from the various countries thus represented was fully described by the Salvation Army Officers present. The generation was simply bewildered by the number of foreign-birthed and -bred girls. They marvelled at the Italian, German, Japanese, Italian and South American girls at one time. We killed hundreds. The girls were all very especially interested. Little colored "Jackie" and his sister looked so sweet and happy as they sat on the bench of the Women's Shelter. Here the girls were all very interested in the Gracia Dolores Matti February, taking a box from the table as he did so, and it is no wonder that nearly every member of the party brought home a box of goods. The explanation of the girls' work came in the form of joy and love of work.

"Did not know the Salvation had such institutions," was the general remark, and, said one gentleman, "I'll send some toys and playthings for the dear children." Then we

### The Men's Shelter.

Here everything looked "spick and span." Beginning at the bottom in the wash and smoking-room, there was a general roar of laughter when the Commandant pointed to the trough in which a poor fellow could wash his only shirt he possessed. Round the rooms the gentlemen were escorted. The different bunks, cubicles, and even the fumigator, were favorably commented upon, and the "three decks

Wonderful as all these things were yet one of the prettiest and touching incidents was to follow.

The "tally-ho" next drew up in front of the beautiful and spacious building used as one.

**Children's Shelter,**

on George Street, the gift of dear  
ceased William Gooderham, Esq. The  
sixteen darling children were dressed  
in their best, and the guests could  
stand, and these occupied the  
We shall never forget their sweet  
countenances and their neat little  
dresses. They filled some of the  
of these gentlemen, and the  
to the twent little songs, and the ch  
max was reached when the "volley"  
was fired. At the word of comm  
the young ladies, and the girls  
shot into the air, their little gowns  
opened, and the volume of sound rever  
berated from one room to another a  
clean little cot, the cosy reupholster  
room, the care and attention man  
ifested by the officers in charge, a  
from the party. Rev. Dr. Calverton  
right on the spot desired to accom  
pany these children for a friend w  
able to supply a home for a suita  
able child.

### The Press Men

were both astounded and delighted. Then followed a seven-mile drive to the Salvation Army Farm Colony. Anticipation was rife. Many of the party had only heard about this new venture, and expectantly they wasted away the time on the journey by listening to our dear Commandant's explanation of the joys and sorrows of farming. It was a lovely drive. How we ever forget the old man who brought us the bucket of clear, cold water to slake our thirst? We think not! In due time a flag was sighted in the distance. This marked the

### The Location of the Farm

and soon all are lost in amuse-  
ment. The piggyerical Yae, several happy  
families of tiny pigs basking by the  
mother's side in the beautiful sun  
is a picture. White pigs, black pigs, mot-  
tled pigs, speckled pigs, brown pigs  
and pink pigs are all there.  
The sanitary condition of these  
pigs was pronounced excellent indeed. The  
at the call of the bangle the ladies  
and colonists gathered up for supper  
It would have made angels blush  
dance with veritable grace. The  
men, the women, the men enjoy  
their evening meal under the shade  
of these apple trees. Of course, a  
photographer and etcher—Mr. Me-  
head, took snap shots of many groups  
—this one among the number—so the  
"good" readers will later on  
get a good idea of what the  
men looked like. Piles of  
terrest centred around the men's  
clean little bedrooms and men's  
own. What a heaven upon earth  
these dear men  
here," said the "Globe" man. The  
acres of freshly-planted tomatoes  
ed healthy. The long rows of  
betokened a good crop. The  
shed, the 30 cows, the al-  
ing green forest, the beautiful  
and the—depense the rain-  
the, the comfortable quarters of the  
Governors—Ensigns and Mrs. Dodge  
these called for expressions of the  
greatest praise from the lips of  
who understood what the life of  
ing household was. The  
things which could be of  
be consumed upon, but

Suffice it that the post  
to the city if not better  
as far as the Army's  
operations are concerned -  
John Reed.



# A MONTANA SENSATION.

## A Remarkable Conversion.

A YOUNG WOMAN WHO MASQUERADED IN MALE ATTIRE FOR 14 YEARS, GETS SAVED AT MISSOULA.

The conversion of a young woman who for fourteen years wore male attire, and passed as a man, has made a profound sensation in Montana, where she was a well-known character by the name of Fred Rollins. She was converted at Missoula, and has since gone to the Rescue Home at Helena. She gave a statement similar to the following interview, in the Army Register.

"I was born in the State of New York and was reared on a farm, although my father had business in town. At an early age I was induced by a woman canvasser to

### PUT ON BOY'S ATTIRE,

and sell goods for her. That was thirteen or fourteen years ago. From there I drifted West, wearing the male attire, which had become quite natural to me. I have always worked hard and am as well as in plumping shop, driving four horses, etc. Just before I donned my proper dress, I

### PUT IN 100 ACRES OF GRAIN

at Horse Plains, Mont. I tried twice to reform, once at Helena, and still harder at Great Falls, but it was no use as long as I was practicing deceit of any kind. In the meantime I had got to be quite a drinker and an appetite was born in me that only the power of God could take away. I always worked hard, sometimes night and day, to get money to spend for the devil.

### I DROVE AN OIL WAGON

to Helena, but through the demon,—drink,—I lost my situation and friends too.

I started in the oil business at Great Falls, and did well for a time. It had got by this time to be no trouble for me to dissuade people to my regard. I made up my mind while in Great Falls to do better, but had not the grit to make the change.

Mrs. Captain Gillette often wanted me to make a change, but the devil had too good a hold of me. I left Great Falls with the intention of going to Missoula, and make a complete change, but on arriving there I found that Mrs. Gillette had removed from there.

I worked through haying and harvest near Horse Plains, Mont. I worked out of doors all winter, and then came to Missoula and went on

### A TWO WEEKS' SPIREE

I had by this time made up my mind that the change had to be made, come what may. I tried to get saved, tried to reform myself long enough. I went to the Anti-Suffrage, but could not make Captain Gillette believe my story, when in despair I went to the river

### TO DROWN MYSELF,

hoping to end it all that way; but the Lord willed it otherwise. It seemed as though Mrs. Capt. Gillette spoke and told me of my reform.

The devil tried to get me to take a drink to "brace up," as I would in a roundabout way to my hotel.

### I PRAYED ALL NIGHT,

and at last I found deliverance from sin. I found kind friends in Captain Seely, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, who did all they could for me.

The crowd of feeling the people I had known in the past was almost too much, but the Lord gave me strength and I am better for it.

I stopped two days at Missoula and came to Helena. I intend to make room for me as far as I can, and I know God will answer me. I want to be as faithful for Him as I was for the devil. I hope this may induce some sinner to come to Jesus, and I pray God—

—Interviewed by J. D. R., Helena, Mont.

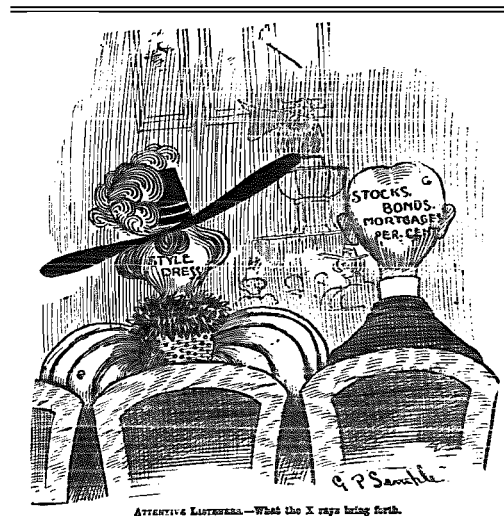
P.S.—This girl is now in the Rescue Home, and told her story Sunday night, which was the greatest surprise ever

known in this city. She wishes to withhold her real name, as her mother is very sick in New York. She always went under the name of Fred Rollins.

## HOTEL MEN HELP LAZARUS.

BLESSED STATION AGENTS—A CAPTAIN STANDS ON HIS HEAD IN THE OPEN-AIR.

Grace Before Meat business is booming up in this direction. Godelsch did splendidly, with an increase of \$5.00. Mother Smith and Sister McDougall are determined to make things go. The hotels did well; the proprietors take an interest in the boxes. The McCormick House leads the way with \$14.8. The bottom came off of his box while it was on the bar, and the proprietor took it down to a tin-shop and had it repaired. "The Britisher" was very good also. God bless these good-hearted men! they ought to be saved! Mrs. Box, of Seaforth, handed me the magnificent sum of \$16.00 collected from her boxes. Beal had better look out, or Mrs. B. will top the list yet. A big crowd turned out, in the afternoon. We marched around the town with cornets and drums. The soldiers turned out good, for a running open-air; Captain Rowe caused quite an excitement by standing on his head on a chair in the open-air. The boxes at the stations are being collected this trip for the first time,



and are turning out beautifully. Clinton box had \$1.15 in it. How is that? Mr. Pasterson, the Station Agent, doesn't forget to tackle the people to drop in their mites. God bless him! Clinton heads the list so far. Mr. Pasterson asked for another box to put on the latest side of the Seaforth box had \$2.00. The Station Agents are interested in the Scheme. From six boxes on the wickets we got \$11.12. Brother Scott, of Guelph, is getting a move on, assisted by his daughter, Mabel, and Sister Sole. \$12.25 is not bad for Guelph. Keep smiling, Brother Scott.—Ensign Keeble.

### Victoria, B. C.

PICNIC—U. S. OFFICERS—ICECREAM AND GLORY.

Salvationists here celebrated the Queen's birthday in proper style. On Monday held a picnic at Oak Bay. Adjutant McDonald and Captain Sheard, assisted by other officers, led a good meeting, and everybody seemed to have a good time. Captain Duffin and Lieutenant May, of U. S. A., led a red-hot meeting. The ice cream was all sold out and our Field day proved to be a success financially and spiritually.—Anne Reilly, Regular Correspondent.

## Desperate Dare-Devil Doings

In West Ontario.

STAFF FAREWELLS—THE G. T. R. SENDS DAD SMITH, OF CHATHAM, TO GLORY IN A HURRY—WALKED FORTY-ONE MILES TO GET TO THE COMMANDANTS FAREWELL—AN UP-TO-DATE INVITATION—DESPERADOES.

A FIELD CHANGE took place in West Ontario Province in connection with the June meetings. Among the number who farewelled were Adjutant Hunter, Petrolia; Adjutant Major, Windsor; Adjutant Miller, Simcoe; Ensign Ogilvie, Stratford; Ensign Fox, Palmerston. Who will fill their places?

SEVERAL CORPS rejoined over souls being saved on Sunday, May 31st, notably Simcoe, three,—husband, wife and daughter-in-law. Brantford, five. Three were also netted at Petrolia, where the Provincial Secretary held forth, and Drayton had four. Several Corps had two each. Hallelujah!

TWO COLORED brothers have been swung away to the skies in the Chair of this week. At Chatham the G. T. R. sent "Dad" Smith into his eternal seat with a rush. At Stratford, Brother Clark was given notice by one week's sickness. Good to be ready. Are you?



## To Parents, Relatives and Friends:

We will search for missing or run-away relatives in any part of the globe; bastards or orphans, if possible, and return them to their parents, or to any person in difficulty. Correspondence private. Address, Commissioner Eva Smith, 16 Albert St., Toronto, Ont., and Mark's Enquiry, in the envelope. IF POSSIBLE, SEND 50 CENTS TO DEFEND A PART OF EXPENSES.

—[1]—

1754. ROBERTS, FRED. Height, about 6 feet; age about 34; native of Cobourg. Last heard of in Great Falls, Montana. Parents are very anxious. American Cry please copy.

1755. BROWN, DAVID. Age, 21; height, 5 feet 10 inches; eight bush; complexion, fair; hair, light, eyes blue. Mother last heard from him in Butte, Montana, about last July. He was converted in the Salvation Army in North Yakima, in the fall of 1895. Mother is greatly troubled over his long absence. Will he please write her, or us, or will any person knowing his address please send it to us at once.

1756. GEDDES, WM. Height, about 5 ft. 10 in.; dark hair. Left his home in Scotland four years ago. In 1898 left Minnesota and went to California, where he was engaged at sheep shearing. His last letter, written March, 1894, was from Morehead, but letters sent to him there have been returned. He spoke of going to Manitoba. Parents are grieving over his absence.

1757. HILL, JOHN. Aged 50. Left Ballynaghy over 80 years ago, and came to America. Brother and sister enquire.

1758. LARD, ADELINE. Maiden name, Smith; now a widow. Has a lump on the corner of her eye; one short finger. She left Montreal for Albany, N. Y., ten years ago. George Bergeron, her brother, inquires. New York and Pacific Cry please copy.

1761. WESTON, ALBERT. Heard of five years ago in Montana. Dark hair; age about 30. His mother, Mrs. Thomas Tuft, would be grateful for his address. Mr. Tuft died about a year ago. Write to Captain Kemp, Mandan, North Dakota, U. S. A. American Cry please copy.

1762. CHADWICK, HARRY. Age 32; dark blue eyes; dark brown hair and mustache. Height, five feet, seven inches. Left Macclesfield, England, July 1921. Not been heard of since. Believed to have gone abroad.

MONEY WANTING.—The following parties, if living, or their heirs, if dead, can have \$1,739 divided among them if they will make claim for their share thereof, through the Actua Life Office, Toronto; J. M. Dransfield, Adam Armstrong, and Gen. F. Weid, Toronto; W. B. Rato and Edward Pritchard, Stratford; F. E. A. McCull, and H. S. Brackinred, Jarvis; and W. C. Smith, of Toronto, or Winnipeg. Their present addresses are wanted.

1759. COTTON, MRS. LIZZIE; age about 43; height, medium; rather thin, pale face. Came from the Old Country, Scotland, over ten years ago. At one time lived at 204 Mount Vernon Street, Philadelphia. Can anyone give us a clue to her present whereabouts? United States Cry please copy.

1764. ELLERY, THOS. Late of Old Country, Canada. Supposed to have gone to Canada. Can anyone locate him? His brother has good news for him.

1765. WRIGHT, JOHN, WILLIAM and JEREMIAH. Left Quebec some years ago, supposed to have gone to the United States. Miss M. A. Wright, Care Mr. A. Smith, 19 Joshua Street, Quebec, will be grateful for information. She has good news for them. United States Cry please copy.

1766. WAIRD. Wanted: The relatives of Lawrence Ward, who left Mullingar, Westmeath County, Ireland, some years ago, for Canada, with the 2nd Battalion of the 17th Regiment, and died in Toronto, Canada, in 1890. J. J. Ward, enquire. English Cry please copy.



